

## FARWELL'S FREAK

She Knew How to Turn the Tables

By Clarissa Mackie

The wind was blowing through the pecan grove, and all the leaves rustled softly. Eve Farwell looked up into the mass of branches where the green nuts hung thickly.

In a tree she had swung herself to a lower branch and with boyish agility reached the trunk of the largest tree and climbed into the shelter of its thick greenery. Here two large branches rubbed together and formed a capital seat if one loved the whispering solitude of the treetops.

Eve settled herself for a long afternoon of enjoyment. Her book lay unopened on her knees as she gazed at a picture of which she never tired.

All at once there came a shrill whistle that denoted the presence of Andy Morgan, her father's foreman. He was not far away. He was riding through the aisles of tree trunks below, and he was not alone.

Eve bent over and gazed down at the straight, well-knit figure riding the black horse. He was gazing directly ahead, and the brim of his hat shaded his chin, where Eve knew a dimple lurked. A tender smile played about Eve's lips, and the very intensity of her gaze must have attracted his glance to her had he not been absorbed in conversation with another man whom Eve did not recognize, although he was riding one of her father's horses. She saw a pair of brown, well-shaped hands grasping the bridle reins and the crown of his big hat, and she noted that he sat well in the saddle.

They stopped beneath the big pecan tree where she was hidden, and Morgan slipped from his animal and tightened a girthing. Then he leaned lazily against the tree trunk and rolled a cigarette.

"You'll like it here all right, Webb," he was saying. "The old man's fair and square enough."

"I think I shall like it first rate," said the other man heartily, and Eve liked his voice at once. It was deep and pleasant. "Farwell's got a pretty sizable ranch here."

"Yes; it'll take us a couple of days to ride over it," returned Andy, and then in a tone which Eve had never heard from his lips he added, "It will be an easy matter if you want to get into partnership with the old man."

"How's that?" asked Webb. "Is he anxious to sell?"

"Not exactly. But he's made it pretty plain that whoever marries his daughter can have a thousand acres and welcome. Wants to keep her near home—not that there's any danger of his losing her in that way!" Andy laughed scornfully.

"I didn't know that he had a daughter," said Webb rather coldly.

"Oh, yes; a regular freak—thin and scrawny, with red hair and freckles! That's what we call her around here—Farwell's freak. She's inclined to be soft in my direction."

"Oh, hang it all, Morgan, a girl can't help her appearance, you know," objected Webb in a displeased tone. "I may as well be plain with you as long as I am to be here and we are to be constantly associated. I don't stand for any of this careless talk about women. I have a mother and sisters back home, and they mean a good deal to me, and because of them all women are entitled to my protection. I'm not a milk and water chap, but every man has his own ideas about things, and I might as well tell you that that's the clip on my shoulder, and I hope nobody around here knocks it off!" He spoke firmly and pleasantly.

Andy Morgan laughed again—not a nice laugh to hear. "Oh, very well, Webb," he said carelessly. "I'll warn the boys to confine their talk to the weather and the latest styles in dude collars from the east."

"They are certainly safe topics," retorted Webb calmly as he followed his companion through the grove and out into the open plain.

Eve Farwell leaned against the tree trunk and closed her eyes. Her face was white and strained and certainly did look very plain just now. She could hardly believe that it had been Andy Morgan who had spoken so carelessly about her. Why, Andy had made love to her, and she—Eve's white face suddenly went scarlet and was hidden in her thin little hands. She loved handsome Andy Morgan with a girl's first love, and she had betrayed her liking, and he, the coward, was making a jest of it to this newcomer! What had Andy not said to the other men on the ranch?

What sensitive Eve Farwell suffered up there in the pecan tree to which she had gone so happily nobody might know, but when she finally descended a pink spot burned in either cheek, and her red hair was tossed into a becoming fluff around her ears. With her red brown eyes and scarlet lips even Andy Morgan could not have called her a "freak," although she was thin.

Pleading a headache, Eve fled to her room. Her Aunt Janet, who kept house for the widowed ranchman and his daughter, came and brought her niece a cup of strong tea and bits of news from below stairs.

"Your father had Andy and the new man, Mr. Webb, in to supper tonight," chattered Aunt Janet. "I like Mr. Webb so much. He is very handsome and

every inch a gentleman. Your father was disappointed that you are sick. He wanted you to come down and play accompaniments for him."

Eve made no answer. She lay there staring into the darkness, scarcely hearing the music that stole up to her chamber. Her thoughts were busy ones.

"Aunt Janet," she said suddenly, "you'd like to have me go east for a long visit, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, Sarah says it isn't fair that her only niece should be buried alive here in Texas when she can give her a lovely winter in New York. Your Aunt Sarah has money, Eve, but she needs some one to help her spend it. It would do you a world of good."

"If father consents I'd like to go at once," went on Eve. "If I do go you will take a vacation when I return, won't you, Aunt Janet?"

Miss Farwell leaned over and kissed her niece. "Certainly, dear, I'd like to change myself. You go and have your fling, and then when you return I'll go and have my fling!" she laughed contentedly.

It was settled that way. Neither Aunt Farwell nor his sister understood Eve's feverish desire to get away from the ranch, but they helped her all they could. There was an exchange of telegrams with Aunt Sarah in New York and a few hurried preparations by the two women at the ranch. Then early one morning Andy Farwell hitched the gray to the buckboard, and, with Eve's trunk strapped on behind, he took her to the nearest railroad station.

Her sudden departure was a surprise to the men on the ranch. Many of them she had known since childhood, and they had a warm place in her heart. All liked her sweet disposition if they did not admire her rather plain face. The new assistant foreman, Webb, had never seen her at all so swift was her going.

As for Andy Morgan, this sudden vanishing of the girl he had heartlessly criticized remained a mystery. It was also a blow to his extreme vanity.

Eve's winter in New York lengthened into a year, and the pecans were once more hanging thickly in the groves, and the same caressing wind was making music in the branches.

She came unannounced. A cattle wagon from a distant ranch was at the station. Some expected freight had not arrived, and it was going away empty when Eve hailed the driver.

"Can you take me to Farwell's?" she asked the man. "I didn't have time to send word I was coming."

"Sure thing," he answered cordially. "I'll tote your trunk. I reckon you got a mighty lot of pretties in all those big suitcases."

"Yes, I have," smiled Eve through her thick veil.

"I reckon you're some kin to the Farwells," he suggested as they drove along.

"Why?" asked Eve, although she could guess his bewilderment.

"You look a lot like Farwell's girl, Eve. I ain't seen her in a month of Sundays."

"Not for a year, Joe Flanders," laughed Eve suddenly. "Don't you recognize old friends?"

Flanders stared amazedly. The face he saw through the veil was wonderfully round and fair, and Eve Farwell had been thin as a rail. He shook his head doubtfully. "My gosh, you're either joshin' me or else you've been fattenin' up some!" he blurted forth.

Eve threw back her head and laughed such a sweet, merry laugh that Joe Flanders recognized her at once.

"Nobody but Eve Farwell could laugh like that," he admitted. "If you'd take off that veil I could identify you further."

Eve removed the veil and looked at him with mischief in her red brown eyes. Joe Flanders stared until the tears came from his strained orbs.

"Good heavens, girl, what have you been doin'! Why, you're a dream of beauty!" he gasped.

A lovely color flushed Eve's perfect complexion. She certainly had developed wonderfully during that year in New York. Dancing and gymnastics, pleasure and happiness under the wise guidance of Aunt Sarah's trained experience had changed "Farwell's freak" into a beauty. The red hair gleamed and glistened like red gold against her white brow, and the arched dark eyebrows added to the beauty of the red brown eyes beneath. Her figure was perfect now. Surely Eve Farwell had come into her heritage.

"I'm glad you like me, Joe," said Eve wistfully.

"Bless your heart, Eve, I've always liked you. But this is a surprise. I wonder if I spent a year in New York they'd turn me out a ravine beauty. What say?"

When he left Eve at the Farwell ranch it was to see her swallowed up in the embrace of father and aunt. Later at the supper table there was a surprise in store for Andy Morgan.

"Eve—Eve," he stammered as she gave a cool little hand into his for a brief instant, "you're changed some."

He stepped back as Webb came forward, and Mr. Farwell proudly made the introduction to his daughter.

Eve never forgot Webb's surprised glance that swept from her lovely face to the chagrined countenance of Andy Morgan.

Then Webb's straight glance came back to her eyes and seemed to find something there that satisfied him. A thrill passed between them, but at the moment they did not understand its meaning.

Afterward Eve knew that the old, unworthy love had died that day when she sat high among the pecan branches and heard Mark Webb's plain statement of his attitude toward women. And she rejoiced that always she would have this brave knight to defend her.

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by Harry S. Johnson and others  
against Judge Jacob Johnson, one of  
the republican nominees for con-  
gress. It was charged by Joseph  
that the nomination of Johnson at  
the hands of the republican conven-  
tion of September 5th last was se-  
cured through fraud and illegal  
voting. In addition to the charges  
preferred by Joseph, serious charges  
against the character of Johnson  
were made by others.

The state committee held a meet-  
ing on Tuesday last at which it was  
decided that the committee would  
take no action in the matter, claim-  
ing that Judge Johnson was regular-  
ly nominated by the republican con-  
vention and that the convention was  
the sole judge of the qualifications  
of its candidates.

### IF YOU PAY HALF OF THE DEBTS YOU OWE TO YOUR- SELF, YOU'LL BE ABLE TO PAY ALL THE DEBTS YOU OWE TO OTHERS!

You "owe it to yourself" to  
BUY WISELY. If there's a  
chance to make one dollar serve  
you as well as two dollars ordi-  
narily, do you "owe it to your-  
self" to find that chance?

If there are chances to save  
five dollars on a suit of clothes,  
or on a dress, a piece of furni-  
ture, a jewelry purchase, a  
trunk, on the monthly grocery  
bills, the month's expenditures  
for shoes, hats, haberdashery,  
you "owe it to yourself"—surely  
—to find these chances! Some  
of your friends are finding such  
chances ALL THE TIME! They  
are advertisement readers, of  
course.

So, if you would pay one of  
the most important and urgent  
of the debts that you owe to  
yourself, become an advertise-  
ment reader—a buyer of adver-  
tised things!

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